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SCIENCE IN THE FAR NORTH.

A HUNDRED and fifty miles—by railway—north of Edinburgh, after passing through a long stretch of unattractive country, with the Highland mountains looming on the left, and the German Ocean on the right, one comes—past all expectation—to an Elegant City, of seventy or eighty thousand population, a seaport of large shipping, and the seat of a university. This is Aberdeen, and it was in this remote and yet highly cultivated and civilised part of her Majesty's dominions, that British Science chose this year to hold her court. It was a bold idea on her part; but it seemed the more feasible since the Prince Consort, whom she had chosen for her temporary president, would be able to leave his adjacent deer-stalking ground at Balmoral, and give his attendance. Then the railway makes even extreme distance so much less of an obstruction than it used to be. Everything considered, it was hoped there might be a fair attendance of members, both of the district and from other parts of the empire.

We came, the day before the meeting was to commence, by a train consisting of thirty carriages, and carrying about seven hundred persons; so frightful a drag for the two engines, that we were two hours behind time, and so much transcending all the local accommodations of porters and carriages, that three-quarters of an hour elapsed before we could clear away from the station. This gave us a fore-sight of what were to be the statistics of the first meeting of the British Association held on the frontier of the Grampians. We found the city in a state of manifest excitement, and the streets full of people—amongst whom not a few strangers could easily be discriminated—full of wonder, no doubt, at the city proving so large and handsome, and being composed of so singular a material as pale granite. There were terrible rumours prevalent as to cost of lodgings and the general charges at hotels, but destined, as usually happens, to turn out great and needless exaggerations.

During all that evening and next day, large additional batches of people continued to pour into the town, and great was the surprise to *habitues* of the Association, when it was announced that, the numbers being fully up to the capacity of the chief place of meeting, it had become necessary to discontinue accepting new members. 'Early application to prevent disappointment' had certainly never before been among the contingencies of the Scientific Congress. And what was the number at which they had had to stop short? Not less than two thousand five hundred, being four hundred beyond what had ever before

applied for tickets at the corresponding period. Bravo 'the braif citie of Aberdeen,' as the old ballad calls it.

When the opening meeting took place in the evening, in a new music-hall of large and handsome proportions, which it filled in every part, it was seen that a great success was assured. The learned of the place, the best citizens, the country gentlefolk, with their ladies, were all there in ample numbers. The platform and orchestra were planted, as usual, with the principal savans; and at the appointed time, *to a minute*, the Prince Consort was ushered in and brought to the centre of the front. There Professor Owen demitted his functions as past president, and the Prince took them up, a piece of commerce in itself delightfully significant of the assumed equality to which all ranks are brought in the world of intellect. There had been speculations beforehand as to what the Prince would do. Would he give the customary sort of annual address, reviewing the science of the past year? Would it be something else? Would it be his own composition, or somebody else's? Would he read, or have some one to read for him? Would his presidentship be a reality, or an appearance merely? An agreeable solution was given to all these doubts, when he assumed his place at the desk, took a paper which was handed to him, and began in a firm clear voice, though with a slightly foreign accent, to read a paper manifestly of his own composition, involving simply some remarks on science in general, and the duties of the British Association in connection with it. This royal presidentship, then, was to be a reality, and one of a satisfactory character. His Royal Highness gracefully took upon himself to be, from his peculiar position in this country, the representative of that large public which profits by the exertions of men of science, but is unable actively to join in them. He was further a means of shewing that their labours are not unappreciated by their sovereign, who was desirous of her subjects in general being made aware of this. He proceeded to remark that science is only distinguished from common knowledge by the determination of inquiry to particular points, from which it may eventually 'grapple with the boundlessness of creation and with the laws which govern both mind and matter.' There is danger, he said, that the great diversity of the lines of inquiry might cause a damage to the unity of science. 'It has occasionally been given to rare intellects and the highest genius to follow the various sciences in their divergent roads, and yet to preserve that point of sight from which alone their totality can be contemplated and directed.' Such individuals, however,

'remain still single individuals, with all the imperfection of human nature.' To supply this want, it appeared to him, was the special utility of such combinations of men of science as the present. It was only necessary, in such societies, that they should limit themselves to the sciences of clearly ascertainable fact—the *inductive* sciences—excluding all those which involved matters of faith and opinion, as on these men's passions and feelings were sure to be roused. After some further exposition of the functions of the British Association, the Prince adverted to it as a medium of communication between scientific men and the state. It did not always obtain the favourable hearing it desired: it might sometimes be considered as a bore. But the British are 'a free, active, enterprising, and self-determining people, where every interest works for itself, considers itself the all-important one, and makes its way in the world by its own efforts;' and such difficulties were accordingly to be expected. In time, however, Science might speak to the State, not like an importunate beggar, but 'like a favoured child to its parent;' and 'the State will recognise in Science one of its elements of strength and prosperity.' At the same time, the public will come to know that 'philosophers are not vain theorists, but essentially men of practice—not conceited pedants wrapped up in their own mysterious importance, but humble inquirers after truth, proud only of what may be achieved or won for the general use of man.' There was just sense and sound reflection in this royal address; but all felt its great charm to be in the good feeling which brought the husband of our sovereign to reciprocate deference and sympathy with her people. It is surely in such a way that royalty can best maintain its place and influence in our days; and what better proof could royalty give of an intelligence equal to its era, than the seeing that such is the case?

Next day,* according to custom, the eight sections of the Association commenced their week's sittings in the several class-rooms of the Marischal College, under their respective presidents—the Earl of Rosse, Dr Lyon Playfair, Sir Charles Lyell, Sir William Jardine, &c.; and the attendance on nearly all was greatly larger than usual. The Geological, being surest of a large audience, had the hall of the college assigned to it—a fine room, hung with the portraits of old professors, ancient patrons, and eminent *alumni*, and now and for once a perfect flower-bed of beauty and fashion. The sections are, in their external presentment, a curious study, nearly all having their several peculiarities. That of Mathematical and Physical Science, and that of Mechanical Science, are mostly composed of middle-aged and elderly men, calm, hard-headed, practical—seldom having a lady to decorate their sittings. In the Statistical Section you see a number of plain, slow men—sometimes a Quaker or two amongst them—men of self-denying tastes, gravely interested in prisons and reformatories, relishing arithmetical matters for their own sake, yet sometimes falling out much more amongst themselves than one would expect numerical matters to give occasion for. Geography and Ethnology generally has a large miscellaneous attendance—including a profusion of ladies; though seldom in these respects equalling Geology,

which is obviously the favourite of all the sciences for the present. In the Zoological Section you meet the calm studious Owen, the lively, vividly clever Huxley, and other men of wide views and extended fame; but the staple is—clergymen—though we don't know how it is, unless the contemplativeness of the parsonage and manse have some peculiar affinity to the study of the *corvidæ* and *coleoptera*. One may find some amusement in observing the different styles of people who come forward with papers. The regular professor, accustomed to bring his speculations before societies in London, has his wall-illustrations in the nicest order, feels confident of support among his friends on the platform, knowing that his facts will be welcomed as in point; and delivering a paper just long enough not to exhaust patience, comes off with élan. In strong contrast to him is the local or provincial observer, who, unknown and without support, ignorant of what the president will endure and the audience applaud, comes out with some laborious paper, the result, perhaps, of months of research, and is bewildered to find himself called upon to condense, to abridge, to keep himself within twenty minutes, and so on; commands which he has no sooner obeyed, to the utter nullification of all his labours, than possibly a University professor will commence a rambling speech of comment in unmusical voice, but with piquant liveliness and drollery, and be allowed to go on with irrelevant nonsense for three-quarters of an hour of that precious time which was meted in minutes to the painstaking but obscure observer.

The Association was not distinguished on this occasion by the bringing forward of any remarkable novelty either in science or its applications; but there was a great amount of good and useful work. The geology of the county was explained with admirable clearness by Professor Nicol—it is mainly granite and primitive rocks, covered with superficial deposits, of which the lowest is generally a compact clay, including multitudes of scratched boulders, the product of a glacial sea. Dr Dickie, in the Natural History Section, described the zones of vegetation in the province, shewing the somewhat remarkable fact, that it contains many farms growing oats considerably over a thousand feet above the level of the sea. There were also good local exhibitions from Dr Longmuir and Mr T. F. Jamieson. Some excitement took place in the Geological Section when Sir Charles Lyell, its president, gave his opinions regarding the late discoveries of human remains and works far back in the pleistocene period. He could not confirm the verity of the human bones alleged to be found under breccias of the volcanic district in Central France; but he fully accepted the numerous flint-weapons exhumed from under ancient gravels near Amiens and Abbeville. About a score of these implements was exhibited before him, and that they have been fashioned by the hand of man, it is impossible to doubt. Out of upwards of a thousand which have been found first and last, a considerable number had been excavated by geologists and antiquaries themselves; so there could be no imposture in the case. Some ancient tribe of savages had once occupied that spot, whose weapons these had been. From the great accumulation of fluvial gravel over them, the elevation which this had subsequently undergone, and, finally, the wearing down of this into modern river-cliffs, it was evident that the period of their deposition was long antecedent to the times embraced by history and tradition. It was coeval with that of the ancient rhinoceros and primitive elephant, and many ages must have elapsed between it and the invasion of Gaul by the Romans. The impression of a startling

* Thursday, September 15.

amount of antiquity for the human race was conveyed by Sir Charles Lyell; but, in reply to challenging remarks afterwards made, it was justly pointed out by Professor Phillips, that all that geology properly does in the case is to establish the contemporaneity of certain human works with certain deposits and certain other fossils, excluding all idea of a particular date for the fact. Sir Charles afterwards mentioned another novelty, which will be heard of with much interest, that, after all the objections that have been taken to a natural origin for species, a naturalist of the highest character, Charles Darwin, is about to bring out a laborious work, shewing that 'those powers of nature which give rise to races and to permanent varieties in animals and plants, are the same as those which, in much longer periods, produce species, and, in a still longer series of ages, give rise to differences of generic rank.'

The Aberdeen meeting was distinguished not merely by an extraordinary amount of attendance, but by an adjunct altogether without precedent, in the form of an antiquarian museum collected for the occasion. A spacious hall exhibited a series of cases, in which the members could see examples of those stone and flint implements just adverted to as bordering on, or involved in, geologic ages, followed by specimens of man's earliest efforts in the formation of metal utensils and weapons, as these were again by an ample suite of middle-age antiquities, of every conceivable kind, connected with the district. In very natural connection with the latter, came an abundant show of Jacobite relics—vestiges of an extinct dynasty—a large proportion of them contributed by the Perthshire family of Threipland of Fingask, of which the grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather of the present worthy representative were all of them actors and sufferers for the unfortunate House of Stuart. Then the walls exhibited a collection of local historical portraits not much less than that exhibited two years ago at Manchester; including many of the works of George Jameson, a pupil of Rubens, who, strange to say, produced admirable representations of the human face divine at Aberdeen before the time of the Civil War. The great House of Gordon—the family of Grant, Earl of Seafield—the Leslies, Carnegies, and other families of historic note—the great Scottish leaders of the seventeenth century—as Montrose, Dundee, Argyle, Sir Archibald Johnston—were all prominent here, gathered in from remote castles and mansions, where few had any chance of ever seeing them. There was also an abundance of Stuart portraits, extending from James III., who died in 1488, to Prince Charles Edward and Cardinal York. Of these, the most notable was a full-length Queen Mary, from the Catholic College at Blairs near Aberdeen. It represents the queen as in her latter years, with a small painting of her execution in the background, and two ladies by her side, labelled with the names of her faithful attendants, Jean Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle. The story of it is this. Painted for these two ladies as a memorial of their beloved mistress, it was presented by them to the Scots College of Douai in France, the brother of Elizabeth Curle being at the time one of the professors there. 'On the breaking out of the French Revolution, when the inmates of the college were obliged to fly, the portrait was taken out of the frame, rolled up, and concealed in the chimney of the refectory, the fireplace being built up. The late Rev. Charles Gordon, of Aberdeen, then a student of the college, assisted in concealing it. In 1814, it was taken out and transferred to the English Benedictine Convent in Paris, where it remained till it was brought to Scotland by the late Bishop Paterson, and deposited in Blairs College.' Many persons, dwelling at a distance, and

unwarned of this remarkable collection, will regret having failed to attend the British Association at Aberdeen, on its account alone.

UNCLE CHUNK'S DUEL.

MR HORATIUS DAMOCLES BLIBB, of Tennessee, U. S., having failed in attaching himself to the embassy of his beloved country in London, has attached himself rather permanently to me, who have the honour—although in the comparatively humble condition of an Englishman—of being his brother-in-law.

Had I first discovered my Angelina in her own home-garden, and accompanied by this singular plant, it is possible that I might have left her blooming alone, and hesitated to ally myself with the Blibb family; but I met the dear creature, as I was travelling 'down South,' away from her paternal halls, and married her with too little inquiry into her domestic relations. My character is intensely peaceful, and my feelings patriotic in a very high degree, but I should hail with joy a declaration of War with the United States to-morrow, with all its risks and disadvantages, if accompanied with a peremptory order for all citizens of that Republic to leave these shores. That, and the commission of Murder—for which, however, there are here not the same agreeable immunities as upon the other side of the Atlantic—are the only courses which hold out to me any hope of deliverance from my brother-in-law Blibb. He has dibbled himself comfortably into British soil, and on my own premises, and there he will remain, I know, a very perfect specimen of the *Americanus vulgaris*, until the gardener Death shall whittle him off with his clasp-knife, and there will be a happy release for somebody. I despise the man who cannot be happy in any room that is not furnished with a spittoon, but I hate the individual, whose wishes in the above respect having been complied, yet takes no advantage of that circumstance. Violence, however—the form of remonstrance which every possessor of a polished drawing-room grate would prefer—is out of the question with a fellow who goes about with a 'toothpick' made of steel, and fourteen inches long, in his pocket; and argument is impossible with a gentleman who has had an infallible uncle.

'Uncle Chunk did it, he did,' remarks Horatius Damocles, when expostulated with upon any matter whatever; 'and I guess he knew.'

Brother Blibb's conversational tone is always nasal; but when speaking of his great departed relative, his voice becomes more like that of the peripatetic *Punch* than of articulate-speaking Man, and so much so, indeed, as absolutely to rasp the ears of the listener. I pity from my heart my travelled visitors when I hear the first dreadful interrogatory addressed to them (through half a nostril) by my brother Blibb, of, 'When you were travelling in the U-nited States, stranger, I kalkilate you must have met with my Uncle Chunk: you must have heard the kurnel, sir; and having heard, have sympathised?'

It has unfortunately happened that the great majority of my acquaintances who have crossed the Atlantic, and beheld with dazzled eyes the glory of the great Republic, have not enjoyed the privilege of listening to Mr Blibb's uncle's conversation, and they are sometimes bold enough to say so.

'You air to be pitied, sir,' then responds the nephew; 'to have heard my uncle was to have been elevated above your fellows; he was the most remarkable man, perhaps, in our most remarkable country. You must have at least heard of the kurnel?'

Sometimes the persons thus addressed have had the further temerity to confess, that during the whole of their foreign travel they have not even had the advantage of hearing mention of Mr Chunk's name; in which

case Damocles observes: 'Then, stranger, you must, I guess, have stuffed your wool in pretty tight.'

Once only was the reply in the affirmative, and even then it was not received by Mr Blibb with favour. One very polite and conciliating visitor thought he had seen the celebrated Colonel Chunk, and personally conversed with him upon various entertaining subjects.

'And when might that have been?' asked my brother-in-law Blibb, incredulously.

'Well, I think I must have had the pleasure of meeting Colonel Chunk during the summer before last.'

'I expect that wasn't *my* uncle, stranger,' responded the implacable Blibb; '*my* uncle Chunk was wiped out ten years ago, he was.'

It was owing to my conciliatory friend's expressing a polite interest in the somewhat remote decease of that gentleman, that I am able to supply, from his nephew's lips, the actual circumstances of the 'wiping out' in question.

I will endeavour to avoid, as much as possible, the peculiar phraseology and sentiments of the transatlantic narrator; but as the twang of the voice in which he spoke still lingers in my ears, in spite of myself, it is possible that I may not be able to get rid of some of the expressions native to the biography.

Uncle Chunk, then, a man of some talent and infinite impudence, was remarkable even in his own country as an accomplished Ripper or Whipper. He had clawed off—I mean he had shot with his own hand, during his thirty years of manhood, and between the epochs of 18 and 48, no less than seven head of American citizens besides niggers—the 'wiping out' of whom, according to my brother Damocles, is to be considered no more of an achievement than of a crime. His commercial transactions, which were of the most varied nature, ranging from pigs to pig-iron, had been interspersed more than once with bankruptcies, which British prejudice would perhaps have designated as fraudulent; but in the end his characteristic 'spryness' or sagacity triumphed, and Uncle Chunk had realised considerably. In his latter years, therefore, eschewing the base pursuit of the almighty dollar, he gave up his leisure energies to politics, and their transatlantic consequences—the Duello, with revolvers. He was, it seems, a Whig of the old school, although, I should think, not altogether answering to Lord John Russell's conception of that character; and whenever he came across anybody of the new school, or indeed of any other school whatever, argument was always followed—in the rare cases when it was not preceded—by bullets.

He seldom settled a difficulty in any other manner, although he did carry about with him, in deference to universal custom, both a bowie-knife and a bludgeon; and the consequence naturally was, that his ideas were listened to with respect, and contradicted with caution. In his celebrated encounter with the famous Septimus Whet of Massachusetts, when that gentleman's pistol so unfortunately missed fire, Mr Chunk's demeanour, as he walked right up to him and deliberately shot him down, was considered by the spectators to be in its dignity and firmness little short of Roman. He felt, as he afterwards confided to his nephew, that he had an obvious, however painful, duty to fulfil; and he executed it, as he flattered himself, in a manner that the ancient Cato, of European celebrity, might possibly have come up to, but could scarcely have surpassed. It is possible that Mr Chunk, who immediately after this achievement bestowed upon himself the title of Colonel, might in course of time have shot himself into Congress, or even into the presidential chair itself; but his favoured country is prolific in men of this kind of genius, and there happened to be many other persons taking similar means of improving their social status at the same period.

Antoninus Pius Rix, a contemporary of my brother-

in-law Blibb, and therefore much the colonel's junior, though young in years, was imbued with all the virtues which flourished in his native state of Illinois:

Its philosophic care

Had formed him for these virtues true,
By precept and example too,

and he could not brook to hear the champion of distant Tennessee so universally 'cracked up.' Accompanied, therefore, by a sympathising band of brothers, he entered the colonel's country with the avowed intention of 'whipping' that formidable individual, who, on his part, hailed the opportunity thus afforded to him of reaping another laurel.

The meeting of these two heroes, especially adapted as it must have been to the national palate, has not, as far as I know, been yet portrayed by any transatlantic pencil, but I have my brother Damocles's word for it that it might form a subject for the greatest limner. The middle-aged hero gazed upon his youthful opponent with calm contempt, not unrelieved by the interest which always attaches to a person, however indifferent to us, who, we are tolerably certain, will not be alive within the next four-and-twenty hours; while the young man regarded the colonel in the light of some diligent individual who had been all his life amassing reputation for his (Antoninus Pius's) benefit; the great advantage of this sort of Fame being that it is transferable, and that one who has a mind to be eminent may achieve it at any time by picking a quarrel with the veriest 'whipper' in creation, and whipping him. In the case of Uncle Chunk, to be sure, there was considerable risk; and it is said that the young man would have 'made tracks' at the last moment, and shunned the contest, had it not been for his sympathising friends from Illinois, who had laid a good many dollars on the matter at favourable odds.

The colonel's prompt inquiry as to whether the young gentleman 'wanted whipping,' was held to be equivalent to a challenge, and therefore Antoninus Pius had the choice of the mode of combat as well as of weapons. This weighty question was settled by a committee of his backers, after a debate of fourteen hours, wherein Mr Rix himself was not permitted to take part; and the conclusion they arrived at was the following: The combat was to be conducted, as usual, with revolver and bowie, but with this singular addition—or rather subtraction—that the antagonists were to have no clothes on whatsoever, and were to fight in the dark. The former proviso was not dictated by humanity, with any view of making a gunshot wound less dangerous, but because it was understood that the accomplished colonel had on one occasion, other weapons failing, thugged a gentleman with his own neckerchief. The latter clause was insisted upon, as tending to equalise the parties, by diminishing Uncle Chunk's advantage of experience in the duello; for, singular as it may seem, the gallant colonel had never before 'wiped out' any gentleman except amid the applause of his fellow-countrymen, and in the open day.

The sensation produced throughout the locality when the astonishing conditions of this encounter began to be known, was very considerable; the little town in which Uncle Chunk resided was filled to overflow, and the most fabulous prices were paid for standing-room in the passage next to the apartment wherein this tournament *à l'outrance* was to be held. This was a long low room at the top of the inn, made perfectly bare of furniture, and with every ray of possible moonlight—for it was arranged that the duel should be fought at night, to insure complete darkness—carefully excluded by close-fitting shutters. At the appointed hour, these two champions of their respective states were turned into their dreadful arena

in the very natural costume that had been agreed upon, and each furnished with the implements for 'whipping'—a revolver with two barrels, and a bowie-knife, held fast, for want of a belt, in either hand. Those ingenious products of civilisation were, in fact, all that physically distinguished those highly cultivated Christian gentlemen from their forefathers of some four thousand years ago, however great may have been their intellectual and moral superiority.

Notwithstanding the confidence engendered in my bosom by a pretty long familiarity with my brother-in-law Blibb's veracity—which was, indeed, almost as unquestioned as that of his departed relative—I began to think that the narration was here getting a little too improbable. I therefore ventured to indulge at this precise point of the biography in a long and low, but not an unmelodious whistle. 'You calculate it's gitting too tall?' observed Horatius Damocles.

I nodded. My conciliatory friend was hastening to assure the historian that *he* saw nothing uncommon, and far less unlikely, in the circumstances, when Mr Blibb produced from his breast-pocket an execrably printed Tennessee paper, of some ten years back, and put it into my hands. Therein did certainly appear the above account in full, just as it had been described to us, except that the narration was invested with much extraneous grandeur in the reflections which it called forth from the sympathising and admiring editor.

'I guess you'll credit *that*,' said my brother-in-law, sulkily; 'you may jest go slick on there from where I stopped.' And I accordingly read as follows:

'Like a glorious denizen of the primeval forest, who resents with noble scorn the false restraints of artificial existence, the patriotic child of Tennessee'—'That's Uncle Chunk,' observed my brother Blibb, in a parenthesis—'stepped forth into that darkened chamber, with the radiant air of one who is about to whittle his antagonist to chips; and not less boldly did the younger hero, fresh from the low green hills of Illinois, break from the affectionate hand-grips of his sympathisers in the passage, and cross the threshold of that apartment which was to be a Temple of Victory, but might, for all he knew, have been a Hall of Doom. The two were to be shut up together thirty-five minutes, at the expiration of which the doors were to be thrown open. During the first five minutes, no blow was to be given or shot exchanged, it being the interval allowed for allocating themselves. A knock from the outside was to be the signal for the combat to commence, as soon as opportunity offered.

'Never shall we forget, as we stood with beating heart and note-book in hand in that same passage—where twenty dollars was not considered too high a figure for standing-room, and the rent of which valuable location was to be divided equally between Silas Fixings, the landlord, and the fortunate survivor of the encounter—never shall we forget, we repeat, the anxious waiting for that knock. Just before it should have come, Epaminondas Rufus Tilt, who was next-hand to me, called out that the partition was but one board thick, and if a bullet did come wide, that we should get it; and so we had the passage cleared for the time, till Silas, who would not knock till it was full again, let others up, and realised twice over. At last the signal was given, and followed by total silence, except that now and then we heard a sliding against the wall, which was produced by those two heroes moving about like serpents in the darkness. The betting was at starting, two, and even three to one upon the colonel; but when they found the young man so spry and careful, it declined; Rix did not want for friends, indeed, at any time, and the Illinois party must, as it turned out, have made a heap of dollars. Presently we heard a revolver crack twice, and then the colonel a laughing. At this period, the odds rose to ten to

one, and there were no lack of takers either. After a little, there was another shot, and young Rix shouted out that we might come in when we liked, for that the colonel was wiped out. Of course we waited till the time was up, but there was no more betting; and when the door was opened, we found it all up with Chunk, and Antoninus Pius sitting on the bare floor with his arms folded, and calling for his clothes. We have been favoured by the latter gentleman, for the exclusive use of this newspaper, with a detailed account of the proceedings (at two dollars *per line*), which will be published in our second edition. At present, we merely cull this interesting statement, that his worst time, out and out, was during the protracted interval before the signal to begin was given.

'Rix had edged right away to the other end of the room, so as to put the colonel as far away as possible, and in order that he might hear him coming: his annoyance may therefore be imagined, when, after the first few minutes, he found (by his breathing) that the wary Chunk had adopted *precisely the same dodge as himself*, and was just as close to him as at starting.'

'The paper does not say, then, how your poor uncle met his fate, after all?' observed my conciliatory friend.

'No; that all came out in the next edition, when Antoninus Pius had got clean away; and it riled us Tennesseers pretty smart, it did. The young fellow got a friend—'twas Epaminondas Tilt himself, I reckon—to hold a string which was attached to a brick in the chimney of the room. After a little, Tilt gave this string a jerk, and the brick in the chimney sounded to poor Uncle Chunk as though Antoninus Pius was making tracks that way; so he fires right up twice, and bursts out a larfy. Then, thinking he had quite done the trick, he took no more pains with himself; and Rix, who would have larfed in his sleeve enough, I guess, if he had had a sleeve, soon found his opportunity, and made an end of the colonel at first shot. It was a remarkable device *surely*,' concluded my brother Blibb. 'Antoninus Pius was afterwards thought greatly of, in consequence; and if Uncle Chunk had lived, it would have earned his best admiration, so it would; but as it was, you see, he got wiped out.'

SIDE BY SIDE WITH WATERLOO.

AMONGST the earliest reminiscences of the writer of this paper are perplexing conversational allusions, by elderly persons, to 'war-time' and 'war-prices,' which had the singular effect of filling his mind with the distracting idea that nothing on earth took place during the 365 days and nights constituting Anno Domini 1815, except the one annihilating and decisive victory known as the Battle of Waterloo. Subsequent inquiries have of course dispelled this youthful notion; and the other day a reference by this writer to the daily papers of 1815 having been necessary, it became quite as confusing to him to discover that, in comparison with the prominence of position and quantity of space allotted to other things, the battle of Waterloo hardly took place at all. Some hours having elapsed before said writer could withdraw himself from the refreshing view thus opened to him, it occurred to him that it would be interesting to prepare a *réchauffé* of his entertainment—first, because newspapers may be considered as photographing events while they are passing, thereby stamping many a little detail that must necessarily be omitted in the broader painting of future histories, that may yet be curious and important in its way; and also because it is always useful and salutary to compare the opinions, manners, and customs of our predecessors with those in vogue at the present day.

Routs, balls, masquerades, entertainments, fêtes,

card-parties, divertissements, assemblies, *déjeunés*, dinner-parties, supper-parties, music-parties, and *conversazioni*, kept the fashionable world—the only world then considered worth mentioning—in a constant round of gaiety; and the recital of these festivities was thought so important that the public were even kept scrupulously informed whether Lady A. or the Countess B. provided her guests with a *sandwich* supper, or whether she regaled them with more satisfactory comestibles; and this, too, when the *Times* itself covered only half a sheet of paper.

The manner in which these amusements were conducted was a startling contrast to the perfectly dignified and solemn plan of our soirées and receptions now-a-days; for when the Honourable Mrs So-and-so saw masks at her hospitable mansion in Sucha Street, we read of her visitors disporting themselves in costumes which remind us only of our May-day revellers, and which would certainly insure those worn-out bacchanalians a considerable allowance of the gibes and jeers of the neighbouring population. Thus, we find ladies appearing as Jew pedlars, blue-coat schoolboys, special pleaders, judges, fish-women, Johanna Southcote, Denis Balgruddery, &c.; and of three sisters, at one of these entertainments, the eldest chose to appear as Major Sturgeon; the second, as a sailor fiddling; and the third, as a woman bearing evident marks of her husband's chastisement, on account of her constant application to a gin-bottle which she carried under her apron! These characters were not merely dressed, they were actually performed; and the amount of energy and spirit displayed by the fair personators was eulogised before the world. Small wonder that so many people in 'the good old times' should have condemned the different amusements then in fashion; the wonder is that this prejudice should cling to their descendants, who cannot see—well-intentioned but mistaken people that they are—that reform has crept in here as in everything else; and that the sooner they admit that the world has improved, the better it will speak for their own powers of discrimination.

If ladies enjoyed themselves as we have described, we may imagine that gentlemen were at least equally diverting; and accordingly, we read of bevy of wagners, coachmen, undertakers accompanied by mutes, footmen, countrymen, and Jews; besides numerous housemaids, milliners, old women, witches, gipsies, &c., all represented by the young 'bloods' of the day, to keep in countenance, we may presume, those lively ladies who chose to exhibit themselves in male attire. Harlequins, pantaloons, and clowns, were very favourite characters; and one noble lord appeared in Grimaldi's dress in *Mother Goose*. Sometimes, but only rarely, this witless selection from the grotesque would be abandoned, and there would be a feeble attempt to ridicule the topics of the day; when, for example, we find one infatuated individual indulged in the dreary joke of dressing as an old man holding a ripe melon in his hand; intending to convey a brilliant satire on the marriage of Miss Mellon and Mr Coutts, which had taken place a few days before.

Hard work must the dancing-parties have been; for it must be remembered that the quadrille of the present day was nearly unknown, and that the waltz had only lately been introduced, and was still considered by many as a kind of foreign abomination; the fashionable world was therefore condemned to the fatiguing performance of Scotch reels and country-dances—the latter having been always the medium for opening the balls. Recollecting also that the general costume for ladies at that time, included, among other horrors, towering head-dresses of ostrich feathers, and the Turkish turbans; the ponderous necklaces, bracelets, and earrings of pearls, diamonds, or polished pebbles, according to the wealth

of the wearer; and the stiff white kid gloves drawn right over the elbows, we can hardly imagine a single feature of these balls to have resembled those of the present day. The music to which these heavily laden women twisted and twirled was such as is now heard only in the country tavern, with the invariable accompaniments of beer and tobacco, and consisted of such tunes as *The Triumph*, *Tullochgorum*, and *Drops of Brandy*, requiring small skill in the musicians, and less taste in the audience. It is well known that the royal dukes mingled freely with the other guests at these entertainments; but it seems difficult to picture George, Prince Regent, and the Honourable Miss Prettyface, threading in and out a long line of belles and beaux to the enlivening strains of *The White Cockade*!

The theatre also received its full share of editorial attention, and certainly there never was, perhaps, a period when it was more attractive. Although Mrs Siddons and Mrs Jordan had avowedly left the stage, they still occasionally appeared; and among the regular performers are to be found the names of Miss O'Neill, Miss Foote, Miss Stephens, Miss Kelly, Mrs Glover; Edmund Kean, Elliston, Kemble, Bannister, Young, Incedon, Grimaldi, Mathews, and Liston. We read, too, of the first appearance in London of the late Mr Harley, and also of the début of Madame Vestris, which took place at the King's Theatre, in Winter's opera of *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, when she took the contralto part of Proserpina. Another star, too, had nearly risen, for we find it was rumoured in the green-room that Mr Fawcett had set out for Bath to inquire into the merits of a young actor there, who was creating considerable sensation, and whose name was then written M'Ready. The gossip of the green-room generally was well whispered abroad; and among other things, it disclosed with superlative elegance of expression that Miss O'Neill had refused all nuptial solicitations.

We have a charming little picture presented to us in the account of the first visit to Covent Garden Theatre of the beloved and lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales. We need lose none of the interesting detail, for it is duly chronicled—and this time we would not curtail a single paragraph—that her royal highness was dressed in a pea-green silk slip, trimmed with gold-lace, and a white muslin body, with long full sleeves; that her waist was bound by a girdle of green, clasped with diamonds; that her head-dress was a coronet of red roses, at the pinnacle of which was a *fleur de lis*; and that immediately on her appearing in the front of the box, she was hailed with enthusiastic shouts of love and loyalty. It is pleasant to imagine this amiable young princess, then in her nineteenth year, bowing—as we are told she did—most graciously to the vehement audience, whilst the orchestra played *God save the King*; and we like to read that she was affected to tears at Miss O'Neill's *Belvidera*, and much amused at the after-piece, *The Fortune of War*, in which Mathews and Liston sustained the principal characters.

A very different scene at another theatre is worth preserving, as it illustrates strikingly the spirit of levity that pervaded society even at the very moment when the mighty struggle for liberty—the extent of which we cannot overrate—was calling forth the aspirations and rousing the energies of many a noble soul. An officer of the 10th Hussars, occupying a box at the Brighton theatre in company with some friends, leaped from his seat on to the stage, and crossing in front of the curtain, scaled the prince-regent's box, which was of course empty, and ensconced himself therein, beckoning to his companions to follow his spirited example. This kind of imperitine leads us to ponder well before deciding which

assumes the most obnoxious form—the boisterous vigour of this youth of forty-four years ago, or the enfeebled condition affected by those of the present day.

The unfortunate mother of the Princess Charlotte is residing at Naples. She gave a ball to King Joachim Murat not many weeks before his execution; and we are told that her palace was thrown open to English and Neapolitan nobility every Monday and Friday. Some time after, we read of her and her household adopting the Spanish costume; and then, when the continent was all in arms again, we find her travelling in France and Switzerland. We meet also with her fellow-victim, Mrs Fitzherbert, who is described as exciting the curiosity of the gay Parisians; and after her flight from Paris on the return of Napoleon from Elba, we read of her in the salons of our own nobility in London.

Queen Charlotte is brought before us writing to her brother, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, approving of the marriage of his daughter to her son, the Duke of Cumberland; and at the same time we find her majesty sending some tea and cheeses to her royal brother, in partaking of which she hopes he will be reminded of his affectionate relatives in England. It is very touching to find some simple little trait like this at a time of so much confusion; and it comes as additional proof how all mankind are moved by the same impulses, whether accident has placed us in a cottage or on a throne. All this time the poor old king was languishing in his splendid captivity at Windsor; and monthly bulletins were being issued, by three physicians, who successively remained in constant attendance, stating that his majesty's health was very good, but that his disorder was still unabated!

We meet with the names of many of that cluster of bright stars that flourished at the commencement of the present century, and who are passing away from us so rapidly; and it is, perhaps, the most interesting to read of them performing the various little duties of social life, and quietly filling their several posts in the operations of the great world. We read of Coleridge at Calne taking his part in condemning the Corn Law Bill, which caused such terrible riots, and the speech he made was, we are told, replete with argument and persuasive eloquence. We find Sheridan where we might expect to find him—at a dinner in honour of St Patrick, the Duke of Kent in the chair. Walter Scott is heard of at the Royal Academy dinner at Somerset House, and we read of his presentation to the queen. We also come across the advertisements of *The Lord of the Isles* and of *Guy Mannering*. We read of the marriage of Lord Byron and Miss Milbanke, and of whither the happy pair went to spend the honeymoon; of Lady Byron being presented at court, with a long description of the dress she wore; and of her and her husband being present at different parties, balls, and theatres in London. We see the report of Lord Byron being elected a member of the Drury Lane Theatre Committee; his lordship's literary labours being represented by the *Hebrew Melodies*, which were published at the end of this year, a few days before the birth of his little Ada. We read of the death of his infant god-daughter, Olivia Byron Moore, and about the same time of the publication of her sorrowing father's *Two-penny Post-bag*.

The remains of Robert Burns were at this time, it seems, removed to the vault of St Michael's, Dumfries. Thomas Lawrence was knighted at a levee; and his full-length portrait of the Prince Regent, with which we are all now so familiar, was exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy. Rowland Hill was at a meeting about the property tax, and characteristically enough, his voice was the only dissentient. Mrs Piozzi arrived at Blake's Hotel; and in reference to

her once loved Fanny Burney, who was experiencing all the horrors of war at Brussels itself, it is said that our readers will be pleased to hear that one of our most distinguished novelists is about to produce the first volume of her new *Tales of Fancy*. Madame de Genlis's *Henri le Grand*, suppressed by Napoleon, was published by Colburn; Madame de Stiel, from her retirement in Switzerland, gave her *Rousseau* to the world; Joanna Baillie's tragedy, *The Family Legend*, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, with which Lord Byron's often avowed admiration of her poetry had doubtless something to do; Miss Austen's *Emma* and Miss Edgeworth's *Patronage* first appeared; and new works were advertised by Mrs Opie, Jane Porter, Lady Morgan, Wordsworth, Southey, Leigh Hunt, Keats, and Campbell. We may mention here the death of Lady Hamilton, which took place at Calais, that once-courted lady having lived a life of great penury for some time. Her memoirs were published shortly after.

Of Napoleon Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington themselves, the great stars of this remarkable year, and also of the different circumstances attending the great events in which they were concerned, we have many little memoranda equally lifelike and instructive.

It is impossible to avoid being struck with the torpor with which the first intelligence of Bonaparte's landing in France was received. The report of his departure from Elba reached London on the 11th of March; but such an unexpected event was considered impossible, and it was treated as a mere rumour. After a few days, when it became verified that Napoleon was actually effecting that wonderful march towards Paris, which is of itself one of the finest poems in history, the public indignation was at last excited, and the epithets of Brigand, Tyrant, Invader, Monster, Miscreant, Sanguinary Corsican, Ruffian, Vulture feeding on the blood of France, Wretch, *Tygor*, and Usurper, were hurled at him thick and fast. We read of small boats crossing from the French coast with intelligence causing great dismay; and all the world is glad when the safe arrival on our shores is announced of the poor Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Duchesse d'Orleans, the Princesse Talleyrand, Madame Marmont, and many others. Much interest surrounded, too, the Duchesse of Wellington, who left Paris on the 22d of March, bringing with her the crown jewels of France, and among them the celebrated diamond Napoleon had formerly worn in the hilt of his sword. The same demand on private sources for horses that occurred three months afterwards at Brussels, created such a scarcity in Paris, that Lord Exeter had to pay five hundred louis to be conveyed to the coast; and the difficulties attending crossing the Channel were so great, that another gentleman was obliged to give twenty-five Napoleons for being brought from Boulogne to Dover. In the midst of these flights and terrors, it is curious to read of Bonaparte, on his arrival at Paris, driving about, having his brothers to dinner, ordering public works to be recommenced, and being present at private theatricals as calmly as if the throne he was striving to remount were not tottering beneath him.

Of the Duke of Wellington at this period we learn that he seldom entered into society, and it was observed, when he did break through this rule, that he seemed to prefer the company of Prussians. Probably, our English general, who had positive and actual work to do, the importance of which none could understand so well as himself, was not much regretted when he left Vienna for Brussels, where he arrived on the 5th of April, having taken six days to perform the journey. From Brussels he made visits of survey to the different places near at hand, in one of which, Ghent, he dined with Louis XVIII.

At last, after Waterloo had been fought, and

Napoleon had taken flight, we read of the portable wooden observatory, 38 feet high, on which he stood during the bloody conflict; and from the letter of a gentleman who visited the field of battle in the middle of July, we obtain, indeed, a ghastly picture of the realities of war. This gentleman saw the fields and roads strewn with broken guns and hacked helmets; he saw incalculable swarms of carrion-flies preying on the bodies of dead horses; he saw the ground cracking into fissures, and displaying frightfully the corpses underneath, which had not been covered with more than a foot of earth; he saw the dead being dragged along by fish-hooks to more distant places of interment; he saw the wells and streams all crimson with the blood of countless victims; and he learned that, as so many bodies still unburied lay festering in the scorching sun, hundreds of them—men and horses together—were to be collected into heaps, and burnt to ashes. He turned from this revolting spectacle, and proceeded to the hospitals, on the way to which he passed wagons full of wounded soldiers, being removed from road-side cottages, bleeding, groaning, fevered, and athirst. When he reached the buildings, he witnessed more sights of the same heartrending kind, the one sweetening drop in the deep cup of misery being the presence of many blessed women, carefully and lovingly binding up the wounds, and soothing the agony of the poor maimed creatures.

Many English ladies fled from a life of gaiety and pleasure to nurse their wounded husbands abroad, and among them the Countess of Uxbridge; and it is with warming hearts we read how the earl, being strong enough after his amputation to bear removal, arrived in London, lying on a couch in his travelling-carriage, his devoted wife seated by his side; and how the people, recognising them directly, took the horses from the harness, and dragged the vehicle along in triumph.

Trophies of the victory soon began to reach the metropolis, and an exhibition of different articles belonging to Napoleon took place. We read of his carriage being sent over, by the Prussian officer who captured it, as a present to the prince-regent, and the contents of a *nécessaire* found therein are zealously revealed. It does, indeed, seem mere wanton extravagance to find among campaign luggage such articles as gilt bottles for Eau-de-Cologne and other perfumes, a looking-glass in a frame of matted gold, and silver boxes for almond powder and Windsor soap. There were several books also in the carriage, and the collection comprised, besides others, a Bible, Homer, Bossuet, the *Conspiracy of Rienzi*, La Fontaine's *Tales*, *Gil Blas*, and *Le Malheur et la Pitié*. This last is a poem by Delille, in commemoration of the sufferings of the thirty-eight girls of Verdun who were, during the Revolution, executed for sending flowers and sweetmeats to the king of Prussia. In reference to the fate of these poor things, it may be observed here, that as two of them were under the age prescribed by law, they could not be put to death; so their punishment was rescinded to imprisonment for twenty years, together with some ignominious usage; and their liberation occurring a few months after, owing to the termination of the Revolution, one of them wrote to Frederick William, who, in remembrance of the cause of her sufferings, presented her with a gold sweetmeat box set with jewels.

Paris was rapidly becoming the rendezvous for the élite of Europe; and we hear, on the birthday of Louis XVIII., that the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the King of Prussia, his sons and nephews, the Grand Duchess of Russia, the Prince of Würtemberg, the Prince Frederick of Orange, and the Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, proceeded on horseback to the Tuilleries, for the purpose of presenting their congratulations. The soldiers of the allied armies

occupied Paris everywhere, and reviews of the troops by the respective generals took place frequently.

The Duke of Wellington was quietly receiving the honours that were his due; among others, the graceful compliment of being invited, at a grand dinner given by the king of Prussia, to fasten the new standards for some Prussian regiments with nails of gold—all the royal and other guests giving precedence to him. At a *déjeûné* in the suburbs of London, the Duke of Sussex sang a duet with Signor Naldi, laudatory of his exploits; and a humble tribute to his ability by an admiring manufacturer was offered by the introduction of a new door-knocker, with which we have now long become familiar—the design being the hand of the victorious warrior holding a marshal's baton, and grasping his well-earned wreath of laurels. As a bit of personal gossip, we are told that, in full dress, the duke's breast was covered with crosses and medals, and that he walked about Paris with five cockades on his hat, one above the other!

One great result attending the downfall of Bonaparte was the restitution of the different works of art to the countries whence they had been brought; and a correspondent in Paris describes a group of Italian artisans at the Louvre surrounding the sculptor Canova, who was to be seen flourishing about among bricks and mortar, eagerly directing the packing of the matchless Laocoon, for transmission to the Eternal City. We read, too, of the delight of Flemish artists at welcoming back to their galleries at Brussels the pictures they had seen with wistful eyes in Josephine's palace at Malmaison; and it is pretty to find that these long-absent treasures arrived in wagons profusely decorated with ribbons, which were unloaded in the market-place amidst cheers and shouts of exultation.

Still reading of the fine arts, we find that the portrait of Ney was withdrawn from the Hall of Marshals in the Tuilleries; and this brings us to his celebrated trial, when the Berrys, father and son, defended him in a speech denounced at the time as an impudent farrago entitled the justification of Ney. The morning following the marshal's execution, Madame Ney, ignorant of her bereavement, applied at the palace for an interview with Louis, in order to solicit mercy for her husband; and it fell to the lot of the officer in attendance to acquaint her that she came too late.

Murat, stigmatised as a wretched and frantic knave, was also executed this year. Whilst he was still at liberty, he and his wife travelled under the titles of Count and Countess Lupano, and assumed the condition of private citizens; and this, we are told, they might easily contrive to do, by calling to mind the remembrance of how they conducted themselves before one was raised to the throne from the saddle, and the other from the stews.

We obtain also a glimpse of the indignation excited at Rome by the arrival there of Cardinal Fesch and Madame Bonaparte in a berlin with four horses, unwilling even then to give up their acquired dignity, although the author of it was on his voyage to St Helena, a prey, as we are told, to sea-sickness, like any other mortal.

During this time, vast preparations were being made in England to attend to the comforts of the fallen emperor; and 400 men were hard at work for six weeks in order that he should be settled in his new abode with as little delay as possible. Chairs and tables of British oak, inlaid with brass; cushions and curtains of pale-blue silk, embroidered with wreaths of black flowers; a breakfast-service of Wedgwood's delicate composition, ornamented with a white cameo device modelled by Flaxman; a dinner-service of white and gold china, with painted centres of English landscapes; cut glass and table-linen of the

finest quality; and a private wardrobe to suit his well-known preference for dark green, were all packed up and sent to Plymouth, where a transport was in readiness to receive them.

Surely such kind consideration argued magnanimity on the part of Bonaparte's captors, especially when we consider that public opinion generally was so much against him, that the following quotation is a fair example how it was expressed: 'Bonaparte is indisputably and beyond comparison the wickedest fiend that was ever suffered to prey upon and insult the feelings of his species. He is disfigured by every vice that renders human nature odious, and destitute of every virtue that renders it estimable. The atrocious means by which he acquired his power are pursued with equal zeal for its perpetuation. The misery of mankind is the bloody idol to which he offers up with blasphemous devotion a perpetual sacrifice. Nothing can satiate the diseased voracity of his brutal lusts. The enlargement of his empire only furnishes him with a wider scope for acts of barbarous injustice. The revels in which his soul delights are the multiplied forms of human woe, and the sardonic smile which his countenance occasionally betrays, is produced by the internal workings of his savage exultation.' Surely a worse character could not have been written of the Rajah of Candia, whose throne and sceptre were sent this year to the prince-regent, and who, we are asked to believe, made a woman, whose husband and family he had killed, beat the brains of her own children in a pestle and mortar!

Duels were still much in vogue. We hear of a meeting taking place behind Holland House, and others at Chalk Farm; also of a duel between two English officers at Paris, which was considered rather out of rule, as the quarrel had taken place some years before.

We find that in this year Westminster Bridge was lighted with gas for the first time, and made a splendid and brilliant appearance. Temple Bar assumed similar attractions a week or two after; but it was some months before the Strand itself relinquished the feeble oil-lamps of the good old times. This new mode of lighting was still, however, so much in its infancy, that such parts of the city as were rejoicing in its cheerful blaze, were one night suddenly enveloped in Egyptian darkness, owing to an impetuous rush of water into the meter; and it was necessary for a public-spirited individual to suggest, through the press, that the coverlids of the lamps should be made of glass, rimmed with tin, which would, he said, materially increase the beauty of the city. Lord Byron tells us, too, in one of his letters, that a stormy discussion arose at one of the meetings he attended at Drury Lane Theatre, about the expediency or in expediency of lighting the theatre with gas; and we read that Covent Garden Theatre did assume this necessary illumination towards the end of the year. No wonder our modern extravaganzas and spectacles are the invention of the last few years. Who can imagine fairy-land and tinsel seen by the unsatisfactory flicker of guttering tallow, or by the melancholy light of badly smelling oil?

We are reminded of the shaven faces of our immediate predecessors by the fact of a French courier who arrived in London causing a great sensation because he wore moustaches, and further, had a rough and military appearance. This makes us recollect, too, that, some twenty years before, when Mrs Thrale was travelling in France, she was much struck by the French soldiers having whiskers.

Another singular instance of varying customs is shewn in the account of a bellman having been sent round by a butcher to announce that he would sell legs of mutton at sixpence-halfpenny per pound; a proceeding which obtained for his employer the

sobriquet of the Patriotic Butcher, as the poor in London had been suffering great privations owing to the very high price of all kinds of provisions.

We read that at the execution of a criminal at Newgate, he extorted a promise that his hands should not be touched after death by persons who came to be rubbed for the wen—a custom which was not yet out of repute. As late as this, too, we read of a purser, found guilty of fraud, being pilloried at Charing Cross; and of a surgeon being imprisoned for three months for suffering a child he had inoculated with the small-pox to be brought to him through the streets.

We will put the finishing touch to our little picture by relating a singular circumstance that happened to Lady Liverpool at the House of Lords. The Duchess of Orleans one day was present in the peeresses' gallery with Lady Liverpool, and after the prince-regent had left the House, they proceeded to examine the tapestry and other objects of curiosity; Lady Liverpool leaving upon her seat a valuable Indian shawl worth 150 guineas. On their return, the shawl was gone, and though every endeavour was made to recover it, it was nowhere to be found. Some weeks after, a man respectably dressed called at the private apartments of one of the officials, and left a brown-paper parcel, which, on being opened, was found to contain the missing article, without any note or explanation whatever.

TROUBLES AT SANDSTONE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.—THE BEACH.

It was seven o'clock, and a glorious summer morning; all Sandstone had been up and busy for the last two hours, and the beach presented a lively scene. It was the height of the fishing-season, and the first boats were just putting off from shore. Under the cliffs, near the boat-house, sat a party of girls and women engaged in mending nets, while ever and anon there issued, from the narrow street behind, a bare-legged lass, or a sun-burnt old woman, staggering under the load of linen they had come to lay out to dry upon the clean white sand.

Five days have passed away since the Sunday evening when Jim Bowes and his companion rowed out to the burning ship. It has taken these five days to restore the little hamlet to its customary tranquillity. An hour after the old sailor had set out that night, a report spread through the village that there was a ship on fire off Sandstone. A straggler on the beach was the first to give the alarm, and a few minutes after, every man, woman, and child in the place was down at the water's edge. A couple of boats were quickly manned, and at the head of one of them was Michael Hawser, prompt and cool as usual. The boats shoved off, and the women and children stood and watched them anxiously and silently as they rowed away in the evening gloom.

Long after the stars had come out overhead, and night fallen around, did they stand there, gazing out on the lurid glare in the sky that shewed where the doomed ship lay. The chapel clock on the cliff struck twelve ere they beheld the boats reappear in sight. There were three coming in this time. One of them contained Jim Bowes and Susan Watson. Their mission had been successful. They had picked up the drowning men, clinging to a spar, and taken them half lifeless into their boat. Soon after, they had fallen in with the two other boats, and, relieved from further danger, had returned in company to shore. How the old sailor and his companion came to be out there, were facts perhaps never very clearly explained to these good folks; enough that their promptitude

and courage had saved the lives of two fellow-creatures.

The men who lingered on the burning ship were the captain of the vessel—a small trader from Smyrna—and an Englishman returning home from a tour in the east. The crew had basely deserted some hours before, and, in their mad haste to escape, had swamped the only boat the ship possessed, and perished. The hapless vessel, thus deserted, was drifting on with the current to destruction—there being happily no wind—when Jim Bowes set off to its aid, and rescued the two men lingering on the wreck from the terrible death that awaited them.

The excitement which all this had occasioned in Sandstone may be imagined. The Smyrniote captain and the Englishman were conveyed at once to Captain Linders's cottage, as the only place that contained spare beds, and were well cared for by the old captain and his housekeeper. The next day, the foreign seaman was able to take his departure for the seaport town to which his vessel was bound, but his fellow-voyager remained behind. Mr Lennox was suffering from the injuries he had sustained, and it was said that he had broken a limb. Every morning and evening, inquiries were made of Mrs Fisk, the housekeeper at Prospect Cottage, as to the health of her patient. All Sandstone was interested in his recovery. This very morning, it is the topic under discussion amongst the various groups assembled on the shore.

'Have ye 'eard how the young stranger is to-day, Marlin?' asks old John Finner, a stout fisherman, of a neighbour standing by.

'Who knows where Billy Winn is?' cries one of the young women amongst the net-menders. 'We want him to run and ask Mrs Fisk how the gentleman is this morning.'

Billy Winn is the general messenger of the village—a poor, half-witted lad, who will run any errand within the compass of his intelligence for the small remuneration of a brass button or a bad farthing. So Billy Winn is sought and despatched for Mrs Fisk's latest bulletin.

Meanwhile, the business of the day proceeds on the beach. Michael Hawser is making ready for a day's fishing, for though his trade is a landsman's now-a-days, he retains his liking for the old calling, and turns a pretty penny in the year by his boats. Ellen is amongst the net-menders by the boat-house. Her father comes up to her, and says: 'I shan't be back till flood-time to-night.' He glances round upon the group, and his face darkens as it rests upon the figure by his daughter's side.

'You needn't sit by her!' he mutters. He takes Ellen roughly by the shoulder, and regardless of the quiver that passes over her companion's frame, bids her find another seat.

Susan Watson's face is hidden from the eyes turned on her, but a great tear rolls burning down her cheek. Michael Hawser has cast a stone at her that will leave her bruised and wounded for many hours. That done, he goes down to his boat, thanking God that he is not afraid to rebuke His enemies, nor ashamed of the service in which he labours, and, confident of the Lord's favour, puts off to sea with a calm heart and good conscience.

The sun rises high in the heavens, and the morning light is changing to a dazzling glow, when Billy Winn comes back from Prospect Cottage with a report that the stranger has left his room, and is going to make his appearance on the shore this morning. Ere expectation has had time to become exhausted, the report is verified by the appearance of the stranger himself, leaning on the arm of Captain Linders. They make their way down the little street, past the high flag-post and the boat-house, and join the group of people on the beach.

'I've brought some one to see you, good folks. I've brought a gentleman who wants to thank some among you with his own lips for what you've done for him,' cries the old captain, as he approaches. 'Where's Jim Bowes, eh?'

Everybody looks round for Jim Bowes, but nobody sees him. Lazy old dog! he is quietly smoking his pipe in the shade behind the boat-house—the only idle pair of hands in Sandstone this morning. But the children know where he is—as when do they not?—and being betrayed by these small allies, he comes forward with his hands in his pockets, looking as grave as a judge.

'Is this Mr Bowes?' asks the stranger in a fine musical voice. 'Then I can only acknowledge my great debt to you, sir. I owe you far too much for thanks.'

They look straight into each other's eyes. No two human faces could be less alike. Mr Lennox is handsome, young, and refined; Jim Bowes is coarse, old, and almost ugly.

'Well, sir, you're welcome. You'd do as much for me, I 'ope,' said the old seaman curtly. 'You've another to thank, though, besides me. If I hadn't had a cool head and a firm hand by my side, it would ha' been all up with the whole lot on us.'

Jim turned to look for Susan Watson. She had stolen away to escape notice.

'Shall I take yer thanks to my companion, sir?' asked Jim, anxious to spare a search for the girl.

'Certainly; but I must see her myself, ere I leave Sandstone. Second-hand gratitude wouldn't do at all.'

There was a warmth and frankness in the stranger's manner that earned him golden opinions at once.

'Now, captain,' said the young man, turning to his host, 'leave me here awhile to sun myself on these stones, and be off to Lynmouth. I want to make friends with your neighbours.'

So Captain Linders took his departure, and left his guest to while away an hour, and gather strength in the sunshine. George Lennox well knew how to turn such leisure to account. He chatted with the old women, paid compliments to the young ones, scrambled away all the pence in his pocket amongst the children, and, in short, tried to please, and succeeded in pleasing every one around him. A murmur of applause broke forth as soon as he had taken his departure.

'That's a real gentleman, that is!' said one. 'He's got no pride about him,' cried another. 'Did you see him playing with the bairns?' asked a third.

These simple-minded people were not singular in their estimation of the stranger. Mr Lennox had left the same favourable opinion behind him in a score of places. Few persons could resist him, where he wished to please. His popularity was, perhaps, easily earned, endowed as he was, both by fortune and nature, with gifts that never fail to attract. He was rich, but no niggard; well-born, but without affected airs of superiority; above all, he had the most persuasive speech, the most winning smile, and the happiest knack of adapting himself to the society of the hour that ever mortal was blessed with. He had been travelling for two years in the east, and had acquired, in the course of his wanderings, some curious experiences, and a well-tanned skin and bushy beard. He was returning to England, when accident threw him on the shores of Sandstone, some three hundred miles distant from his home in a northern county.

Perhaps it was the kindness of his host; perhaps it was the contrast between Syria and Sandstone; perhaps it was the natural indolence of his character, ever ready to twist circumstances into a pretext for inaction; perhaps it was none, and perhaps it was all

of these things, that induced Mr Lennox, at the end of seven days, to ask Captain Linders to let him have possession of a bedroom and parlour under his roof for one month. Whatever the cause of the request, the old captain, who had taken a great fancy to his guest, complied with it; and even Mrs Fisk, who, a few days before, had been highly incensed at an unfortunate tourist who had presumed to ask if there were apartments to let at Prospect Cottage—even she made no objection.

So every day, for the next few weeks, the stranger might be seen strolling about the neighbourhood of Sandstone; now carrying a gun in pursuit of the curlews, now rowing along the coast with old Bowes, and now listening to some seaman's yarn at eventide. In three weeks' time, there was not a man in Sandstone who would not have gone through fire and water to serve the handsome, open-hearted, young stranger. Jim Bowes, who had not taken very warmly to Mr Lennox on their first meeting, confessed he was in the wrong. 'He's the smartest chap I ever clapped eye on!' cried the old fellow with enthusiasm. 'Ay, and his heart's i' the right place too. To see him eatin' his dinner in the boat-house along wi' us rough chaps, and drinkin' out o' the mug without a bit o' pride! Bless yer soul, there ain't one in a thousand who'd do it!'

Coming home together along the shore one evening, Jim Bowes exclaimed: 'It's a rum thing, sir, to think what a little we knows o' one another, ain't it? Dash me, but I didn't like the looks on you at first sight; thought you was more like a furriner than a thorough-bred Englishman! It shews as how we oughtn't to judge folks afore we know 'em, don't it?'

'Right, Philosopher Bowes; it does. But, to change the subject: where shall we go to-morrow, eh? We've about done up the neighbourhood, I think. I hate going over the same ground twice. A week or two ago, I thought it would take a whole summer to exhaust this place.'

'And so it would, too! Yer don't suppose you've seen all our coast yet! Why, there's Shingle Bay, and the Black Rocks, and Deadman's Gully, and—Lord, sir, what a fine shot you chuffin would be out yonder! What a pity the gun ain't loaded.' Jim pointed to a large bird perched on one of the great stones that strewed the shore.

'Stay! I'll have him,' cried the young man. In another moment the gun was loaded and raised to his shoulder. Crack! The bird flapped its wide wings, rose staggering into the air, and then, with a sharp, human cry, dropped down like a stone on the wet shore. A scream rent the air as it fell. A girl, sitting under the cliff, ran forward and clasped her hands with an excited air.

'It's Martha Hawser, as I'm alive! Dash it, the gun's frightened her, poor lass!' exclaimed Jim Bowes.

But, no; it was not fear that had blanched Martha's cheeks, and made her lips quiver.

'Is that you, Jim?' she cried aloud. 'Shame on ye, then—shame on ye! You've done a bad, wanton act. I've been watching that bird yonder the last half hour; it was doing neither hurt nor harm, but enjoying God's sea and air, for aught we know, as much as mortals do. How dare you men come near, then, with your idle hands and hard hearts, and end its life and happiness i' this way!' Her eyes flashed scorn on them both. This turned to Mr Lennox, and continued: 'This is no sport, sir; neither sport nor profit, slaying a bird like this. You have no excuse to plead, for you should know better than he.'

The men stared at the girl in amazement.

'Why, Martha, what's come to ye, lass? You're white as chalk, and all of a tremble.'

She retreated a step as the old sailor approached her. 'I'd rather not talk to you to-night, Jim. See yonder! that bird's not dead yet; it's stirring. Go and wring its neck!' She turned away, and bent her steps towards the village.

Mr Lennox stood and watched her for a minute, and then hastened after her. 'I'm afraid you think me a brute,' he said, as he approached. 'I'm sorry to have given you pain. Will you forgive me?'

'It ain't in my power, sir. You must ask God to forgive you for destroying one of His creatures thus.'

Martha Hawser was a pale, sickly-looking girl, but she had a brave spirit. She inherited much of the rugged Puritanism of her father's character, but without his intolerance.

Mr Lennox looked puzzled for a moment by her reply, and then said: 'If we were to argue the question, I've no doubt you would have the better of me. On strict grounds, this sort of sport is not justifiable, I daresay. It's not heroic nor dangerous, like tiger-hunting; nor useful, like whaling; nor lucrative, like lobster-catching. I know what you'd say, so I'll own I'm in the wrong at once.'

Mr Lennox's manner seemed to arrest Martha. She raised her head, and looked at him. 'I think you know what's right, sir; it's a pity you don't practise it. A gentleman with your learning and bringing-up should ha' something better to do than idling away his days at Sandstone. We poor fisher-folks ain't the company you've been used to. You'll not take my words amiss, sir?'

'Certainly not; I like plain speaking.'

'Then I'll wish you good-night, sir.' And so saying, Martha inclined her head, drew closer her shawl, and hastened off home across the sandy flat. Mr Lennox stood and watched her retreating figure till it disappeared in the twilight gloom gathering over the shore.

'Well, sir, when you're ready, I am.'

Mr Lennox started as the sound of Jim Bowes's voice put an end to his reveries; and then, shouldering his gun, he set off homeward without a word. They were close upon the village ere he broke silence. 'That's a strange girl!' he exclaimed, turning round to his companion in the dusk. 'I must see her again to-morrow, and make my peace. I wouldn't leave any but friends behind me in Sandstone, if I could help it.'

'Leave Sandstone, did ye say!' ejaculated the old sailor in a tone of dismay.

'Yes, Bowes, and within twenty-four hours too.' And without offering any further enlightenment, Mr Lennox bade his companion good-night, and strode off to Prospect Cottage, where a hot supper and a pipe with Captain Linders awaited him.

BITTER BEER AND BEER IN GENERAL

THERE are changing fashions in matters of liquor, as there are in matters of apparel and modes of living. Once upon a time, in certain portions of the United Kingdom, our ancestors were able, at a cheap rate, to comfort their inner man with wholesome claret. Once upon a time, 'heavy wet' was a popular beverage, and 'half-and-half' obtained its measure of fashion. Bottled stout, too, had many admirers, and we still find it along with the nut-brown October, home-brewed, at a thousand fine old English houses, keeping up its established reputation. But pale ale, *alias* 'bitter beer,' is the great liquid institution of the present age. Like Holloway's Pills and Mechi's Magic Razor-strop, its fame is universal, and 'it is to be found,' as an advertising publican beautifully states in one of the Sunday papers, 'wherever the civilising

face of the white man has penetrated; in other words, like Scotchmen and Birmingham buttons, it has found its way into all the corners of the earth. No matter whether we go up the Rhine or up the Nile, the little red pyramid of Bass & Co. is constantly obtruding itself upon our notice. Mr Albert Smith finds it at Canton; 'Our own Correspondent' welcomes it amid the burning sands of India; Brown, Jones, and Robinson quaff immense draughts of it on the top of the Great Pyramid; and it is whispered that one of the enterprising Burton brewers has opened up an agency in Yedo for the supply of the at present benighted Japanese.

Burton-on-Trent, so long celebrated for its breweries, is the principal seat of the bitter-beer trade, so far as the malting and brewing of it are concerned; London is the place where the greater part of the sales are effected, and whence the liquor is distributed to the most distant regions of the earth; and Blackwall is its great *dépôt*, where the Burton brewers have hundreds of thousands of butts, hogsheads, and barrels, arranged in tiers one over the other to a great height, and extending over many acres. In addition to the *dépôt*, there are subsidiary stores in various parts of London; and from these the bitter beer percolates to the various hotels and public-houses of the city, and ultimately finds its way down the throats of its 'thirsty souls.'

London alone produces above one thousand million tumblers of ale and porter per annum. A recent essayist, in alluding to one of the great London porter-breweries (Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co.), says: 'The visitor, in proceeding through this establishment, realises, perhaps better than in any other place, the enormous scale on which certain creature-comforts for the use of the town are produced. As he walks between the huge boilers, in which 1600 barrels are brewed nearly every day; or makes the circuit of the four great vats, each containing 80,000 gallons of liquor; or loses himself amid the labyrinth of 135 enormous reservoirs, which altogether hold 3,500,000 gallons—he begins to fancy himself an inhabitant of Liliput who has gone astray in a Brobdingnagian cellar.' Porter, however, is a comparatively modern drink, having been 'invented' so recently as 1730. The three popular liquors in use previous to that year were ale, strong beer, and twopenny; and these beverages were frequently asked for by customers in a compound state—that is, a half of any two, or a third of the whole three, mixed together, so as to form either 'half-and-half,' or 'three-threes,' as might be required; thus giving Boniface, when the three was in demand, the trouble of going to three different casks for what formed after all but one pint of liquor. To obviate much of this trouble and the waste attendant on this clumsy plan of mixing, a brewer of the name of Harwood, in a moment of inspiration, conceived and brought forth a blended imitation of all the three, which he named 'Entire,' and which in time came to be looked upon as a most nourishing and refreshing drink for labourers and porters—whence its name.

Ale was a favourite liquor of the Saxons and the Danes, and the use of that beverage can be traced back to the fifth century. In those days, great attention was paid to quality; and persons making bad drink had the option of being ducked in a muddy pond or paying a fine of four shillings. The price of the beverage was at this time fourpence a gallon, or, if spiced, eightpence. Mead, also a favourite liquor of that period, was double the price of spiced ale. The skill of our brewers began to be developed about the fourteenth century, and the brewing of beer was making London famous even at that time. We find the early English poets in a state of exaltation about their draughts of 'moist

and creamy ale.' Skelton and others have sung in praise of the same beverage. Shakespeare, however, speaks slightly of the small-beer of the olden time, and loved rather to sing the praises of 'sack.' We first hear of the exportation of beer in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—five hundred tuns being sometimes exported at once; but at times, exportation had to be checked, because of the scarcity at home. After the introduction of hops, malt liquors were greatly improved, and became more extensively in demand; and according to Baker, the English now 'learned to be drunkards, and brought the vice so far to overspread the kingdom, that laws were vain to be enacted repressing it.' As an instance of the part played by beer in the feast and festival days of the Virgin Queen, it is related by Hume that 'the Earl of Leicester gave Queen Elizabeth an entertainment in Kenilworth Castle, which was extraordinary for expense and magnificence. Among other particulars, we are told that 365 hogsheads of beer were drunk at it. Now, in this quantity, there are 23,000 gallons; and if there were 23,000 persons present, which is not possible, it would still be an allowance of a gallon to each; a tolerable exhibition before a queen.' A curious use was at one time made of the export beer-trade. In 1586, we find it stated, in a complaint to the treasurer of England, that 'there was deceit in the vessels of beer that were transported; that under the name of these passed many barrels stuffed with prohibited goods, as pike-heads, halbert-heads, pistols and match, candles, and soles of shoes of new leather, cut out in pairs of all sizes, and the like, the bungs of the barrels being besmeared with a little yeast, to the hindrance of the commonwealth and the profit of enemies.' These barrels were ultimately returned stuffed with valuable silks, and thus the beer-trade was made a medium for smuggling.

We shall not trouble our readers with the figures appertaining to 'beer,' either at these early periods or at the present time; indeed, the statistics of the public breweries would not convey an accurate idea of the quantity of these beverages which were consumed in former days, as ale was universally brewed in all gentlemen's houses, and was likewise made in great quantity in some of our county towns, and sent to London for consumption. About one hundred and fifty years ago, people used to brew once a month; some of the 'browts' were very strong, and in the provinces particular kinds of ale had each a distinguishing name, as Huff-cap, the Mad Dog, Angels' Food, Dragons' Milk, and Go by the Wall. The progress of the great breweries of London, and the universal celebrity of their drink, as evidenced in the praise of such philosophers and men of letters as Mandeville, Dr Parr, Charles Lamb, Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith, soon led to the suppression of a great number of private brew-houses, so that in course of time the majority of families sent to the public breweries for their supplies. But the change since those days which Goldsmith wrote of—

Where the Red Lion staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt and Parson's black champagne
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury Lane,

to the present age of beer, is very striking. Our porter-brewers are magnates in the land now, and, as Dr Johnson said of their ancestors, they have acquired 'the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.' We hear of their being able to dine parties of two hundred in one of their vats, which vat, when filled with liquor, is valued at £40,000; we know, also, that some of them brew 400 quarters of malt daily, and employ almost armies of men; that they require steam-engines of great power, and perfect regiments of fine Belgian-bred cart-horses.

At one period, ale was the universal beverage in Scotland; and Scotch ales have long maintained a high character over all parts of the globe. Neither is the Scottish public-house system, which is now being regulated with so much clamour, of very ancient date: it originated only about the middle of the fifteenth century, when an act of parliament was passed which ordered, 'that in all burgh towns of the realm, and thoroughfares where common passages (roads) are, that there be obtained hostillaires and receivers having stables and chambers; and that men find in them *bread and ale*, and all other food as well to horse or men, for reasonable price.' Bread and ale are the great points insisted upon, as they are (with the addition of wine) of several other enactments passed about the same period, which we may consider the immediate pre-whisky age. In point of fact, as appears by both local records and tradition, breweries, at that time, though on a small scale, were universal. Every village had its brew-house; and 'twopenny,' a kind of small ale, smart to the palate, wholesome in quality, and not very injurious to the pocket, was the common drink of the country. After this period, French wines became fashionable in Edinburgh, and excellent claret was carted about the city for the purpose of being retailed from the butt at a very cheap rate; and while claret could be had cheaply, it was a favourite among the higher and middle classes. But when the necessities of the Exchequer, consequent on the French wars, imposed heavy taxes on French wines, all took refuge in whisky, hitherto a low drink, with a corresponding aggravation of the national vice. And now once again the 'gude folks' of Scotland are coming back to ale, principally in the shape of bitter beer, or Prestonpans.

If our Scotch friends, man, woman, and child, really still consume their eighteen annual bottles of whisky a head, as the *Times* avers, they do it in a quieter and more gentlemanly way than their ancestors, and there is, in consequence, less outward appearance of drunkenness. Scotland still boasts of her popular taverns; and in her large cities, she has hidden away, in some of her closes and alleys, *houffs* having a likeness to those of the olden time; but they do not obtain the half of the patronage that was bestowed on those of sixty years since, where Lawyer Pleydell indulged in his 'high jinks.' The popular tavern of the present time, in Scotland as in all other countries, depends more for support on its solids than its fluids; and the drinking-dens of auld lang syne, which, in their heyday of prosperity, could boast of lordly patrons, have fallen into disrepute. The pale ale, which is the fashion of the present year of grace, was 'invented' by Mr Samuel Allsopp, the father of the chief of the present great firm of Allsopp and Sons, and the partner and successor of a well-known Burton brewer of the name of Wilson; and the first sample of bitter beer was brewed in a tea-pot by Job Goodhead, one of the malsters of the firm! It is now the great liquor of the British in India, and also of our home countries. It has proved a fortune to many, and to Burton-on-Trent in particular, which is a perfect city of breweries. The flood-tide of this beverage may be dated from the year 1850, at which date a great controversy began as to whether strychnine was employed by the brewers as one of the bittering substances. The report originated in a lecture delivered by M. Payen at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*, in the course of which he asserted that the large quantities of strychnine manufactured in France were destined for England, to be employed in flavouring the celebrated bitter beer of that country. This statement was extensively copied into the Parisian journals, and speedily found its way into the *Times* newspaper, to the great alarm of the British public. The brewers of pale ale were at once on the alert,

indignantly denying the rather rash accusation, and employing the most eminent chemists to contradict the statements of adulteration by scientific evidence; and the ultimate result of this calumny was the re-establishment of the maligned liquor more firmly than ever in the favour of the public. The best proof of this is the fact, that there is at present erecting at Burton-on-Trent a leviathan brewery—a brewery which, when completed, will cover nearly four acres of land, and present one *façade* of more than a quarter of a mile in length. This brewery, which has been designed for Messrs Samuel Allsopp and Sons, is intended for the exclusive production of East India pale ale, for which beverage the demand, both home and foreign, has of late so largely increased that all existing means of supply have altogether failed.'

STORIES OF PRECIOUS STONES.

From the earliest period of the world's history, mankind have attached an arbitrary and marvellous value to precious stones, such as the diamond, the ruby, the opal, the sapphire, and the amethyst. In itself, the beauty of these gems is very great. The rainbow, the sea, the clouds, the most gorgeous flowers, the varying tints and coruscations of the forest, are surpassed by the splendour of these jewels, which man digs up painfully from the bowels of the earth, and polishes with the rarest skill. Sometimes as we search amid the ruins of ancient cities, jewels of exquisite brilliance flash forth upon us from the rubbish, and seem to reveal more than arch, architrave, or column, the greatness of the people who dwelt there in ages past.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, a poor Arab, unable to earn a comfortable subsistence by labour, who possessed neither house nor lodging of any kind, after working all day in the fields, habitually passed the night among the tombs. Once when the summer was hotter than usual, he happened to be engaged in the corn-fields by a wealthy peasant, who lived near the ruins of Achoris. As soon as night fell, the south-west wind blowing like the breath of a furnace across the Great Desert, drove every person to seek for shelter within doors, or behind some wall or rock. The individual of whose indigence we have spoken was called Sibbi, and he had no friends or relatives to whom he could apply for assistance in his distress. When the hour for closing the doors of the cottages arrived, therefore, he found himself excluded from every dwelling, and wandered away sorrowfully in the dark towards the mountains which overhang the valley on the eastern side. Arrived at the rocks, panting, and half-stiffed by the hot wind, he climbed up a little in search of coolness. The higher he mounted, the pleasanter it became. Through the great gaps in the rocks which at times brought down a current of east wind upon the city, nothing now came but a sort of eddy of the night-air, less scorching than the fierce furnace-blast upon the plain below. Sibbi felt refreshed by this slight improvement in the state of the atmosphere, and continued toiling up through rents in the face of the precipice till he reached the edge of the great cistern which once supplied twenty thousand persons with their daily allowance of water. Here he sat down, thinking the air absolutely delicious. Even the wind of fifty days was tempered into sweetness by that elevation, and sported and played among the honey-combed crags like a breeze of Enna or Arcady. Refreshed and soothed, Sibbi at length slept; and the sun was already lighting up the desert, and sheathing the broad river with gold, when he awoke. Sibbi was not a worshipper of the picturesque. He was hungry, and hunger is insensible to the charms of scenery. The hour, he knew, would soon be at hand when he must descend into the hot valley, and moisten

his coarse black bread with the sweat of his brow; too happy even so to ward off the threatened visit of death. But as he sat in this quiet and breezy spot, he experienced extreme reluctance to renew his labours. Why not enjoy hunger and idleness for one day? He could lie in the shadow of the cliff, and look down proudly upon the slaves, scorching and frying among the dhourra stubble below. He resolved to enjoy this luxury, and remained sitting on the edge of the cistern, gazing at the heaps of whitish dust with which two thousand years had nearly filled the mighty reservoir. His eye at length alighted on a small object, that immediately riveted all his attention. It looked like a fragment of lunar light gleaming softly and serenely in the rich sunshine. What could it be? It was by no means easy to descend into the reservoir, and when there, it might prove still less easy to climb out again. But the love of adventure is generally the feeling uppermost in the mind of an Arab. Without taking much counsel of prudence, Sibbi leaped into the cistern, and with beating heart approached the object which had lured him into the gulf. There, flanked by two pieces of chalky stone, it lay drinking in the morning light, and then reflecting it upon the eye softened and subdued as if by magic. With the experience which seems common to all orientals, he understood it was some rare gem, and the word which he beheld engraved on its surface might, for aught he knew, be the Great Name by which Suleiman transported the treasures of Kaf into his regal palace among the cedars.

Sibbi had some scruple about touching this wonderful amulet, whose powers might shake the mountains, and call up around him all the terrible legends of the Jinn. But courage came to him as he gazed. If it be not supernatural, he thought, it may still sell for a great deal in Cairo; and emboldened by this practical consideration, Sibbi picked up the gem, and concealed it carefully in his bosom. The next question was how to escape from the reservoir. The rock all round was smooth, polished, and perpendicular, and little less than three times his own height. But everybody is acquainted with the mother of invention, who now came to the aid of the captive Arab, so that by heaping up great stones and quantities of dust against the smooth and slippery rock, he contrived to escape from his prison.

Sibbi now believed himself to be in possession of wealth, and his heart was elated accordingly. He descended hastily into the valley, and without noticing whether the wind that blew was hot or cold, hurried along the path by the river's side towards the Mother of Cities. No one who has ever considered the oriental mind can fail to have been struck by its strong propensity towards building castles in the air. Half the pleasures of life in the east spring from this faculty, which levels mountains, dries seas, fills up valleys, and creates at the least touch a paradise in the desert. During his first day's journey, Sibbi was indebted to his imagination for immunity from hunger and thirst; but on the second morning he was fain to have recourse to the proverbial hospitality of his countrymen, and beg a little bread to preserve his stomach from a complete collapse. The more he pondered on his situation, the less enviable did it begin to appear. Who would be the purchaser of the gem he had found? Might he not be suspected of having stolen it, be taken before the *cadi*, and by way of investigation, be bastinadoed upon the soles of his feet till he should be half dead? Who would give credit to his story of the cistern and the ruined city? 'Verily,' thought he, 'they will say it is an imposture; and I may be condemned and put to death as a thief.' Being, nevertheless, persuaded that nothing can happen but what is written, he comforted

himself with the reflection, that if he were hanged, it could only be in accordance with destiny. On, therefore, he went, and in due time arrived at Cairo.

In that great city, which, in miniature, represents the whole east, he found a caravansary suited to his wants, and entering, was waited on by a young woman, who served all travellers, especially the poor and humble, for charity. At first, he had some thought of imparting his secret to her, and taking counsel of her—and well would it have been for him had he done so—but he reflected that the owners of great wealth are surrounded by snares, and that this woman might be in league with the children of the wicked. Accordingly, he accepted her kindness, held his peace, and departed on the morrow, bestowing on her nothing but his blessing, which, in fact, except the gem, was all he had to bestow. With many doubts and much trembling he approached the shop of a lapidary in the south-eastern angle of the great bazaar; and, taking out the jewel from his bosom, which he did with the air and aspect of a convicted thief, he presented it to the master, and inquired what he would give for it. The jeweller was one of those crafty and cruel men who build up their own opulence on the ruin of others. He immediately said to himself: 'This Arab is a robber, who has broken into some mosque and stolen this marvellous opal from the sacred treasury. I will threaten to take him before the *cadi*; conscious of guilt, he will effect his escape, and the gem will become mine.' But the delight imparted by this guilty scheme could not repress the jeweller's admiration for the extraordinary beauty of the opal, amid the streaks of whose clouds the cunning hand of some ancient engraver had interwoven, as it were, the letters of the Great Name. Sibbi, though no proficient in physiognomy, yet saw enough in the jeweller's face to warn him of his danger, and while he turned round and loudly gave orders to a slave to fetch the *wali*, or police magistrate, the poor Arab snatched the opal from the jeweller's hand, and rushed forth into the street, followed by the wicked master of the shop, and a whole posse of slaves, shouting 'Thief, thief!' Sibbi's worst fears now presented themselves to his mind, and lent wings to his feet. Dashing along without looking before him, he overthrew three donkeys, two blind men, and an old female cake-seller, who called him a pig and an infidel, and preferred sundry accusations against his innocent mother, now in her grave. Sibbi heeded her not, but plunging into the crowd, he found himself in the midst of a procession of dervishes who struck him with the palms of their hands for interrupting their public devotions. Escaping from these ostentatious penitents, he slipped into a dark passage, but upon emerging at its further extremity into the street, he found himself face to face with the jeweller, who was in the very act of laying his complaint before the *wali*. 'Ha!' exclaimed the wretch, 'behold, there is the thief; seize him, and you will find the gem upon his person.' An aged dervish, with long white beard and majestic countenance, stood by chance close to Sibbi as the words of this accusation were uttered. He did not speak, but giving the Arab a look, unperceived of the bystanders, held his hand half open by his side. Understanding his meaning, Sibbi put the opal into his hand, upon which, calm and unperturbed, the dervish passed on. Reduced to his original penury, Sibbi felt his courage revive. 'Are you mad?' he exclaimed, addressing the jeweller with a fearless countenance. 'What do you talk of? Gems! I am an Arab so poor as not even to possess an asper. Search me,' he continued, to the *wali*, 'and you will immediately perceive the truth of my statement.' The worthy magistrate had learned, in the course of his dealings with mankind, to distinguish an honest face from a false one. 'I believe your words,' he said to

Sibbi; 'but be frank with me: something has passed between you and this jeweller; explain what it was, and you have the assurance of a believer in the Book that no harm shall befall you on account of your confidence.'

Thus appealed to, the unfortunate Sibbi related his whole story; upon which the wali's countenance assumed a terrible expression, and he exclaimed: 'Verily, the wickedness of mankind is great! I took you to be an honest man, whereas it seems you are a shameless impostor. Produce the gem instantly, or prepare for a dungeon, the bastinado, and the bow-string.' In spite of his protestations, Sibbi was dragged to prison, and the jeweller, with all his friends, was invited to witness his torture and execution on the following day.

Meanwhile the dervish, who lived at the college of the Mosque of Flowers, shut himself up in his oratory, and placed the opal before him on a table of black jasper. Never had he beheld anything so magnificent. Nature, when making this stone, seems to have chosen as a pattern one of those pearly clouds which, filled with soft light, hover about the rising moon, veined, streaked, and fretted with the pale glimmer of the dawn. It has upon the sight the effect of a section of the sky when beauty is filling it to overflowing. But in the estimation of the dervish, the loveliness it had received from the hand of the great Archetype was nothing compared with the charm derived from that great Archetype's name, composed of four letters—the tetragrammaton of the western world—by pronouncing which, with suitable rites, man may command the services of all spirits. The dervish, as might be supposed, was no connoisseur in precious stones, but being possessed by a strong sense of beauty, his admiration increased as he placed the opal in various lights, and held it up between his finger and thumb towards the sun. Sparks of crimson, purple, and violet appeared to flash from it as he gazed, till they were concentrated and lost in a ruby-coloured flame, which glanced and coruscated into all the hues of the rainbow as he changed the position of the stone.

Quitting the Medresi, the dervish proceeded to the house of an honest jeweller with whom he had long been acquainted, and shewing him the opal, demanded to know its value. 'It is worth the revenues of a pachalic,' replied the lapidary; 'but there is no jeweller in Cairo sufficiently wealthy to purchase it.' 'Supposing it were shewn the governor,' inquired the dervish, 'might he not, since he is extremely rich, be inclined to buy it at its full value?' 'I would not be the man,' whispered the lapidary, 'to manage the negotiation—he would certainly seize upon the gem, and bastinado me to death.' 'What, then, is to be done?' said the dervish in perplexity. The jeweller mused awhile, and then exclaimed: 'There is here in Cairo a rich merchant from India, who leaves to-night with the caravan for Syria: he will buy the opal, and enrich its owner with fifty thousand dinars of gold.' 'It would endow a college,' exclaimed the dervish. 'It would purchase a pachalic,' rejoined the lapidary. These suggestions were merely parenthetical. The jeweller carried the opal to the merchant, who gave for it a still larger sum than had been named. The dervish, when he had received the money, offered to reward the lapidary for his trouble; but unless he could purchase the office of a pacha, he was already sufficiently opulent to be regardless of gain: he therefore refused the dervish's offer. The latter, causing the gold to be tied up in two leathern bags, had it borne before him by slaves to his apartment in the college, where he carefully locked it up. He then proceeded to the house of the wali, who was asleep, and his slaves, apprehensive of his severity, refused to wake him. Being questioned, however, they informed

him that their master had left with his lieutenant orders respecting the Arab, who, according to the best of their belief, was to be strangled in the morning. Having received this cheering information, the dervish hastened to the lieutenant's house, and found him surrounded by spies and executioners, and furiously intoxicated with beng. With such a man he perceived there was nothing to be done; so he repaired to the prison, and through the influence of his sacred character, easily obtained admittance. Having consulted with Sibbi, it was agreed that escape from injustice should be purchased with money. The jailers were bribed; and the Arab found himself at liberty with a fortune larger than that of any other man in Cairo. Leaving the bulk of his property in the hands of the dervish, he proceeded to Constantinople, where he purchased from the sultan the office of *cadi*, and returned to reform the manners of his native country. He received his reward. Having pronounced a righteous judgment in a difficult cause, he was stabbed by the unsuccessful suitor, and was soon followed to the grave by the old dervish. The bags of dinars became the property of the Mosque of Flowers, and were employed in building that beautiful oratory at the door of which two hundred poor persons still receive a loaf daily by the posthumous charity of Sibbi.

What became of the opal? The merchant who had purchased it was killed near Alexandria, among the ruins of which the gem was lost; some years later it was picked up by a fellow, who sold it for two or three piasters to Roboly, the dragoman of the French consulate. This man, who understood nothing of its value, asked Hasselquist, the Swedish traveller, how much it might be worth, but received no satisfactory answer. It afterwards passed into the hands of Lirancourt, French consul at Cairo, who carried it to Constantinople, where it seems to have been bought by the French ambassador. Lastly, some time before the Great Revolution, it became the property of the famous Duc de Nivernois, who used to exhibit it to admiring visitors at his gorgeous soirées in London. According to some, it afterwards passed into Russia; but we are altogether unable to trace its fortunes beyond the troubles which broke out in France after the storming of the Bastille.

Two other opals have obtained some celebrity—one, which belonged to the Emperor Leopold II., for its extraordinary size and beauty, it being said to have been an inch in diameter; the other, for the singular adventures with which it was connected. When the great Afghan conqueror, Nadir Shah, made his descent upon India, stormed Delhi, and rendered himself master of the Peacock Throne, he is said to have entered a Hindoo temple, where he was inspired with admiration by the jewels that blazed on the great idol. Its eyes were made of gems of different colours, and one of them was an opal of rare splendour and brilliance. Even in the best days of antiquity, sculptors, when fabricating statues of the gods, sometimes formed the eyes of precious stones; but they were in these cases artistically made, the pupil being of black jasper, the iris of turquoise, and the white of diamond; the face, neck, and bosom were of the finest ivory, which appeared to acquire additional fairness by contrast with the robes of gold in which they were folded, and which in one instance were valued at a quarter of a million sterling. The idols of India have been chiefly remarkable for their ugliness and grotesque magnificence. The Mohammedans abhor these symbols of a rude superstition, and it has always been one of their chief claims to be regarded as reformers to make war upon the gods of India through their images and fanes; but Nadir Shah was instigated much less by piety than by cupidity. Like a true oriental, he would have ravaged a whole

continent, in order to render himself master of what the Asiatics denominate the gem of gems—a milky opal. On his return to Persia, the conqueror was careful always to have his jewel-caskets with him in his tent; and it has been said by some of his eastern biographers, that after cutting off the population of a whole city, he would sit down peacefully in the cool of the morning to gaze on the ensanguined ruby, the deep vinous yellow of the beryl, the mimic flame of the carbuncle, or the soft sweet green of the emerald. In the opinion of most men, there is a mystery in the interior structure of these stones, which, when one set of rays strike upon them, appear serene and calm to their greatest depths, whereas, when viewed by the aid of others, they flash and sparkle, and seem to flood the surrounding air with emitted splendours. Nadir was fully sensible of the charms of this kind of poetry, the only thing, perhaps, except power and carnage, that could strongly move his soul. Charles I. of England was, it is well known, distinguished as a virtuoso, and laid out immense sums in collecting works of art. Among his curiosities there was an engraved diamond, the rarest ever known, which was probably transported to the continent by Henrietta Maria, to purchase powder and great guns. There it fell into the hands of a French traveller, who carried it with him into Persia, and there sold it for a large sum of money to the shah. When the House of Sefi was subverted by Nadir, this exquisite jewel became his property, and, in all likelihood, was in his tent with the great opal on the morning of his assassination. Many of the crown-jewels of Persia then disappeared, having no doubt been stolen by the soldiers. We now lose sight of the opal till it reappears in Russia, as the property of Prince Potemkin, who enriched himself by the plunder of whole provinces.

In ancient times, the opal occupied the place now conceded to the diamond, though far more numerous specimens of it than are now to be found existed. It was a special favourite among the Romans, and the senator Nonnius, during the proscriptions, was offered exemption from exile if he would relinquish his celebrated opal to Mark Antony. He preferred banishment with his gem, to Rome without it; and no wonder, when we consider into whose hands supremacy over the Eternal City had fallen. Nonnius probably chose Egypt for his place of exile, and there lost the jewel, which, after more than seventeen hundred years, was found in the reservoir of Achoria, if we may, in truth, venture to identify that stone with the one shortly afterwards discovered in the rubbish-mounds of Alexandria. However, it is only by conjecture that we can attribute the opal of Roboly to the senator Nonnius. The descriptions left us of the ancient gem do not exactly correspond with those given of the modern stone. It had an olive hue, they say, when exposed to the sun's direct beams, but became opaque when contemplated in its slanting rays. Placed between the eye and the light, it assumed a deep ruby tinge, throwing off sparks of fire in parallel lines. Many of these peculiarities may perhaps be attributed to the force of imagination which transforms to its own likeness every object in nature.

The flaming opal, which rivals the carbuncle, the ruby, and the chrysolite, was once found in various parts of the world, but is now so rare that it has been doubted by some lapidaries whether it ever existed at all. We ourselves, however, have seen it amid a collection of gems in Italy, where it occupied the chief place. Most of its neighbours had been engraved, and owed their principal value to the skill of some ancient artist of Corinth, Rhodes, or Sicyon; but the flaming opal lay enshrined in its own beauty, having no facets, but simply long slab-like planes on the side, and converging into a crown above. The light played through it as through the intricacies of a

labyrinth, reflected, refracted, ascending, descending, and glittering through a thousand diminutive channels, assuming every instant new tints and hues which again became confused with each other.

An extremely well-informed traveller returning from the east brought with him what he conceived to be an inimitable treasure. This was a flaming opal of the largest size and richest brilliance; but on shewing it to a jeweller at Florence, he was informed that it was only the imitation of an opal in glass. He had embarked nearly his whole fortune in this venture, and, in the extremity of his irritation and disappointment, determined to destroy both the false gem and himself. Late in the evening, he shut himself up in his apartment, where he kindled a strong fire of charcoal, into which he resolved to cast the glass, and then to choke himself with the burning embers. He took the beautiful imposture into his hands, which, as the light of the lamp fell upon it, threw off into the air so many gorgeous tints that it seemed to swim in a sea of splendour. As he turned it round and held it up before his eyes, its loveliness increased—now a bright flame played in its centre, and now a white incandescence shot along its surface. But his heart was steeled against its beauty, and he was about to cast it into the censer, when he heard a gentle knock at the door. On throwing it open, he beheld before him a man in a leathern garment, begrimed with smoke and soot. 'I bring you,' said the stranger, 'a welcome piece of news—your gem is no counterfeit; I heard my master say so after you left his shop this morning. I am an admirer of precious stones; and have brought you this intelligence, lest the despair which I saw in your countenance should induce you to inflict some injury on the noblest opal in the world.' The traveller, in raptures, would have forced on him a handsome reward. 'No,' exclaimed the workman; 'I only desire to behold the gem once more; to take it in my hands, to press it to my lips, as the most precious of nature's works.' He then took his leave; and the traveller, proceeding to Vienna, sold the gem to the emperor. This was the famous opal of Leopold II., whose large size we have mentioned above.

CHEERFULNESS.

Nothing upon the earth for ever grieves;
No bird for ever sad and songless lives:
Even the poor small worm
Pats on, before he dies, his glorious form,
And, for a little space,
Chases the sunbeams round the mountain's face.
The rose that has been ruffled by the storm
Droops not for aye her leaves;
After the rain,
She lifts her tearful head, radiant again.
Yea! not for ever bow the autumn sheaves—
Though weighted from above,
As hearts are with their love,
With all the riches that the heaven gives;
Sometimes, on sunny days,
A gentle wind will raise
Their golden ears, ripe for the garner's eaves.
The chilly frost before the warm sun yields;
When the cloud-shadows hang above the fields,
They linger not—
Look once again—sunlight is on the spot!

F. C. W.

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